

The Cass County Republican.

VOLUME VI, NO. 9.

DOWAGIAC, CASS COUNTY, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, JUNE 18, 1863.

WHOLE NO. 269.

The Republican,

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Business Directory.

AMOS SMITH,
County Surveyor.

SPENCER & VAN RIPLEY,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office at Alward's Book Store, Denison Block,
Front Street. Residence first door below the
Methodist Church, Commercial St., Dowagiac,
Mich. ap22-24

W. H. CAMPBELL,
Notary Public. Will attend to all kinds of
conveyancing. Office, Dowagiac, Mich. ap22-24

JAMES SULLIVAN,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Office in
Court, Dowagiac, Mich. Office on Front
Street. ap22-24

CLIFFORD SHANAHAN,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law, and Solicitor in
Court, Cass County, Mich. Office on Front
Street. ap22-24

C. T. LEE,
Special Agent for the collection of all kinds of
War Claims. All kinds of Conveyancing done
with dispatch. Will give his immediate attention
to the collection of claims throughout the State.
All business promptly attended to. Office with
James Sullivan, second door, Jones' Brick
Block. June 18-19

JOSEPH HOLLISTER,
Attorney at Law and Solicitor in Court. Office
in S. A. Hollister's Drug Store, opposite the
P. O. Office first door west of Universalist
Church. Strict attention paid to the collection
of every variety of War Claims, and of Claims
against individuals; and prompt remittance
made. He will also give his attention to
conveyancing, the duties of Notary Public, and all
kinds of Surveying. Agent for sale and ex-
change of lands, investigation of titles, and the
recovery of lands sold for taxes. He will also
conduct suits where a greater interest than five
per cent. is claimed. dec11-12

MERCHANDISE.
A. N. ALWARD,
General Dealer in books, stationery, Periodicals,
Wall Paper, Window Shades, Wrapping Paper,
Pocket Cutlery, &c. Denison Block, Dowagiac,
Mich. ap22-24

D. LARZELERE & CO.,
Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes,
Groceries, Hats and Caps, Glassware, Paints
and Oils, Hardware, &c. &c. Front Street,
Dowagiac, Mich. ap22-24

GEORGE SMITH,
Tailor. Shop one door east of Howard & Com-
stock's. Cutting and Making done to order, and
warranted to fit. July 12-13

MISCELLANEOUS.
H. B. DENMAN,
Banking and Exchange Office, Dowagiac, Mich.
Buy and sell Exchange, Gold, Bank Notes, and
L. M. warrants. Pay interest on School and
Savings Banks, and Taxes in all parts of the
State. ap22-24

P. D. BECKWITH,
Machinist and Engineer. Foundry and Machine
Shop at the foot of Front street, near the rail-
road bridge, Dowagiac, Mich. ap22-24

Disolution Notice!
The Partnership heretofore existing between
the undersigned has been dissolved by mutual
consent.
C. C. WILLIS,
GEO. E. SMITH.

NOTICE!
The notes and accounts of the said firm will be
collected by the undersigned who continues in
business at the same place. All persons indebted
to said firm are notified that the undersigned has
purchased of Mr. Each all his interest therein
and they are requested to make payment to
C. C. WILLIS.
Dowagiac, March 25, 1863. ap22-24

NOTICE!
N. O. TICE is hereby given that by virtue of an
Act of the Legislature, passed in February
last, have elapsed the time for holding the term
of the Circuit Court for the Counties of Cass and
Berrien during the present year as follows, viz:
The term of said court will be held on the County
of Cass on the second Monday of May, and the
third Monday of August and November, and in
the County of Berrien on the fourth Monday of
May, and the first Monday of August and No-
vember.
Dated, this 20th day of April, A. D. 1863.
S. BACON, Circuit Judge.

HOUSE & LOT
For Sale!
THE SUBSCRIBER having disposed of his busi-
ness in this town, offers his house and lot (his
late residence) in the north-western part of this
village.
For Sale at a Bargain!!
The house is new and large. Lot comprises one
and one-quarter acres. A fine assortment of fruit
tree, a GOOD WELL and CELLAR. I would
take good land, wagon and harness in part pay.
Enquire on the premises.
Dowagiac May 24th, 1863. Z. W. ASHLEY,
may29-31

FARM FOR SALE.
SITUATED two miles east and one mile south
of KEELE, CENTRE, Van Buren County,
containing 30 Acres, 45 improved, including 15
acres of meadow.
Upon the Farm is an apple orchard of 150 trees,
and many bearing Peach Trees.
The above farm will be sold at a bargain price
provided any one will purchase the same. The
title is clear of all encumbrances. The price is
one hundred dollars. Enquire of the subscriber on the premises.
CYRUS TUTTILL,
Keele, April 17th, 1863. ap22-24

EAGLE HOTEL,
CASSAPOLIS, MICH.
THIS establishment has just opened this house for
the accommodation of the public. It has
been thoroughly repaired and newly furnished
from parlor to kitchen. Mr. Gustard intends to
keep a first-class hotel, and will endeavor to
please. Prices to suit the times.
O. S. CUSTARD,
Cassapolis, August 1st, 1862.

For Sale and Exchange.
Illinois and Wisconsin Improved farms,
Iowa and Minnesota farm lands.

THE undersigned will sell at reasonable prices,
on five to ten years credit at six per cent in-
terest, improved farms in Illinois and Wisconsin.
Interest annually for five years; after that time
the principal to be paid annually.
He will also sell good farm lands in the State of
Iowa and Minnesota on the same terms of payment,
and will also exchange Iowa lands for other prop-
erty in Dowagiac, Michigan. He will also
good business property in Dowagiac, exchange im-
proved farms and Iowa lands, and for desirable
locations will pay part cash in hand in such ex-
changes.
S. S. SMITH,
110 Adams St., Chicago, Ill.
March 28, 1863. mar28-30

The Empty Sleeve.

By the moon's pale light, to a gazing throng,
Let me tell you tale, let me sing one song;
'Tis a tale devoid of an aim or plan,
'Tis a simple song of a one-armed man,
Till this very hour I could not believe
What a weird, queer thing is an empty sleeve—
What a weird, queer thing is an empty sleeve.

It tells in a silent tone, to all
Of a country's need and a country's call,
Of a kiss and a tear for a child and a wife,
And a hurried march for a nation's life;
Till this very hour I could not believe
What a weird, queer thing is an empty sleeve,
What a weird, queer thing is an empty sleeve.

It tells of a battle-field of gore—
Of the sabre's crash and the cannon's roar—
Of the deadly charge—of the bugle's note—
Of a gurgling sound in a woman's throat—
Of the whizzing grape—of the fiery shell—
Of a scene that mingles the scenes of hell.
Till this very hour I could not believe
What a weird, queer thing is an empty sleeve!

Though it points to a myriad wounds and scars,
Yet it tells of a flag, with the stripes and stars,
In God's own chosen time will be
Each place of the rig with the rattlesnake;
And it points to a time when that flag shall wave,
O'er land where there breathes no covering slave,
To the top of the skies let us all then
One proud hurra for the empty sleeve—
For the one-armed man with the empty sleeve.

Blue Yarn Stockings.
"What have you there, Katie?"
asked a young man, in a familiar tone
of an intimate acquaintance, touching
as he spoke, a small bundle resting on
Miss Katie's arm.

"Guess." A smile sweet but serious,
went rippling for an instant about
her lips and then faded off. Her calm
eyes, clear and strong, looked steadily
into her companion's face. They had
met, casually, and were standing on
the street.

"Zephyr?" And he pushed his
fingers into the bundle.
"No."
"I give it up."
"Blue yarn."
"What?" There was a lifting of
the eyebrows, and a half-amused ex-
pression about the young man's mouth.
"Blue yarn and knitting needles."
Katie's voice was firm. She did not
shrink from the covert satire that
lurked in his tone and manner.

"No."
"Yes."
They gazed steadily at each other for
some moments, and then the young
man gave way to a brief fit of laughter.
"Blue yarn and knitting needles!"
Ha! ha! Soldier's stockings, of
course!

"Of course." There was no smile
on Katie's face, no playful light in her
eyes, but a deepening shadow. The
levity shown by her friend was in such
contrast to her state of mind which
she happened to be in, that it hurt in-
stead of amused her—hurt, because
he was more than a common acquaintance.

From the beginning of our troubles
Kate Maxwell's heart had been in
them. Her father was a man of the
true stamp: loyal to his country, clear
seeing in regard to the issues at stake,
brave and self-sacrificing. He had dis-
pensed liberally of his means in the
outfit of men for the war; and more
than this, he had given two sons, yet of
tender age to the defense of his country.

Katie was living, therefore, in the
very atmosphere of patriotism. She
drank in with every breath the spirit of
patriotism and self-sacrifice. "What
can I do?" was the question oftenmost
on her lips; and when the call came
for our women to supply stockings for
the soldiers in time for the approaching
winter campaign, she was among the
first of those who responded. It was
only on the morning of this day that
the Quartermaster General's appeal
had gone forth, and already she had
supplied herself with yarn and knitting
needles.

"I didn't believe you were such a
little." The young man had ut-
tered so much of his reply to Katie's
"Of course," when she lifted her head
with a sudden impulse and said, almost
sternly:

"Take care, George!"
"Take care! Of what?" He af-
fected to be still amused.
"Take care how you trifle with
things that should be held out of the
region of trifling."
"Soldiers' blue yarn stockings, for
instance! Ha! ha!"

"Laugh if you will, but bear in mind
one thing."
"What?"
"That I am in no laughing mood."

Her clear strong eyes rested firmly on
his with something of rebuke in their
expression.

"Tut, tut, Katie! don't look at me
so seriously. But indeed I can't help
laughing. You knitting blue yarn
stockings! Well it is funny."

"Good morning, George." She was
turning away.

"Good morning, Katie," was an-
swered lightly. "I'll call around this
evening to see how the stockings are
coming on."

When Katie Maxwell left home an
hour before her step was light and her
countenance glowing with the heart's
enthusiasm. But she walked slowly
now, with her eyes cast down, and a
veil of unquiet thought shadowed her
countenance. This interview with one
whom her heart was deeply interested
had ruffled the surface of her smoothly
gilded thoughts. The cause of her
country and the needs of those who
were suffering their lives in its defense,
were things so full of sober reality in
her regard, that the light words of
George Mason had jarred her feelings,
and not only jarred them, but awak-
ened doubts and questionings.

Katie Maxwell sat down alone in her
own room, with hands crossed on her
lap and eyes fixed in thought. She
had tossed the small bundle of yarn
upon the bed, and laid aside her bonnet
and cloak. Now she was looking cer-
tain new questions which had come up
right in her face. Was there in the
heart of George Mason a true loyalty
to his country? That was one of the
questions. It had never presented it-
self in distinct form until now. He
was in good health, strong, and of manly
presence. No imperative cause held
him at home. During the summer he
had visited Niagara, taken a trip down
the St. Lawrence, enjoyed the White
Mountains, and, in a general way, man-
aged to take a good share of the pleas-
ures to himself. The state of the
times never troubled him. It would
all come out right in the end, he did
not hesitate to affirm; but not a hand
did he lift in defense of his country,
not a sacrifice did he make for her safety.

And yet he criticised sharply offi-
cial acts and army movements, sneered
at Generals, and condemned as weak
or venial patriotic men in high places
who were giving not only their noblest
efforts but their very lives to the cause.
All this; yet his hands were held back
from the work.

Occasionally these things had pre-
sented themselves on the mind of Katie
Maxwell but she had put them aside as
unwelcome. Now they were before her
in stern relief.

"He is not against his country. He
is not a traitor! He is sound in prin-
ciple." Such were the thoughts
given to the accusing thoughts that
shaped themselves in the mind.

"If for his country, why, in this time
of peril, does he sit with folded hands?"
was replied.

"Was he afraid to look danger in
the face? To endure suffering? If he
loved his country he would, self-forget-
ting, spring to its defense, as hundreds
of thousands of true-hearted men are
doing!"

Moved by this strong utterance Katie
arose and stood with her light form
drawn to its full erectness, her hands
clenched and her eyes flashing.

"And, not enough that he holds off,
like a coward or an ease-loving imbe-
cile; he must assail with covert sneers
the acts of those who would minister to
the wants of men whose brave acts
shame him! Loyal to his country! Is
that loyalty? Do such things help or
harm? Do friends hurt or hinder? By
their fruits we shall know them. Where
are his fruits?"

Katie stood for a while quivering
under strong excitement. Then, sit-
ting down, she crouched as one whose
thoughts were pressing back on the
mind like heavy burdens. There was
a dull sense of pain at her heart.
George Mason had been dear to her.
But the shadow of a cloud had fallen
upon the beauty of her idol. It had
been gathering like a thin, almost view-
less vapor for some time past, and now,
compacting itself almost in an instant,
it was dark enough to hide the sun-
light.

Gradually the brave, true-hearted
girl—for she was brave and true
hearted—rose into the sadder atmos-
phere from which she had fallen. The
pain left the heart, though the pressure
of a weight lay still on her bosom.
The smile that played upon her lip as
she joined the family circle, not long
afterward, was more fleeting than usual;
but no one remarked the soberer
cast of her countenance as it died
away. Her skin of blue yarn was
speedily wound into a ball, the requisite
number of stitches cast on to needles,
and then away went her fingers—not
busier than her thoughts.

"What's the matter, Katie?" The
unusual silence of her daughter had at-
tracted Mrs. Maxwell's attention, and
she had been noticed by Katie, exam-

ining her face. The maiden started at
the question, and colored just a little
as she glanced up at her mother.

"You look sober."
"Do I?" Katie forced herself to
answer.
"Yes."

"Perhaps I feel so." Then, after a
pause she added, "I don't think this
kind of work is very favorable to high
spirits. I can't help thinking of Frank
and Willy. Poor boys! Are they not
soldiers?"

"Dear, brave boys!" said the mother
with feeling. "Yes they are soldiers
—true soldiers, I trust."

"But what a change for them,
mother! Home life and camp life—
could anything be more different?"

"Life's highest enjoyment is in the
mind, Katie. They are doing their
duty, and that consciousness will more
than compensate for loss of ease and
bodily comfort. How cheerfully and
bravely they write home to us! No
complaining—no looking back—no
coward fears! What a thrill passed
over me as I came to the closing words
of Willy's last letter: 'For my God
and my country first; and next for you,
my darling mother.' And the words
thrill me over and over again, as I
think of them with a new and deep
emotion."

Katie turned her face a little further
away from her mother, and bent a little
lower over her knitting. Often had
the contrast between the spirit of her
brothers—boys still—and that of
George Mason presented itself; now it
stood out before her in sharp relief.

As she sat, working in silence—for she
did not respond to her mother's last re-
mark—her thoughts went back in re-
view. She counted over well remem-
bered sentiments which Mason had ut-
tered in her presence, and saw in them
lukewarmness, if not downright in-
ference to the great issues at stake, felt
before—now perceived distinctly. Her
father talked of scarcely anything but
the state of the country; George found
many themes of interest outside of this
absorbing question, and when he did
converse on matters of public concern
it was with so little of earnestness and
comprehensive intelligence that she al-
ways experienced a feeling of dissatis-
faction.

The light tone of ridicule with which
he had treated Katie's declaration that
she was going to knit stockings for the
soldiers hurt her at the time, for her
mind was in a glow of earnest enthu-
siasm, and the pain that followed quick-
ened all her perceptions. The incident
pushed young Mason back from the
very near position in which he had for
some time stood, and gave Katie an
opportunity to look at him with less
embarrassment and more discrimina-
ting inspection. Before there had been
a strong sphere of attraction when she
thought of him; now she was sensible
of the counteracting repulsion. Lan-
guage that seemed to mean little when
spoken, remembered now had marked
significance.

It was observed by both Mr. and
Mrs. Maxwell that Katie was unusually
absent minded at tea time. Mr. Max-
well talked about national affairs, as
was his custom, and Katie listened at-
tentively, as was her wont. Among
other things he said:

"In love of country—which involves
an unselfish regard for the good of all
in the country, every virtue is included.
The man who is not a true patriot can-
not be a good citizen, nor a true Chris-
tian; for love of country is that vessel
in the natural mind into which flows a
love of God's kingdom; and he who
loves and seeks to establish that which
is highest as God's universal kingdom
in the earth, helps to establish all that
is lowest. In times like these, when
our national existence is threatened by
a force of giant multitude and intense
purpose—when all that we hold dear as
a people is threatened with destruction
—there must be in any man who can
look on quietly and take his ease, who
can be lukewarm, and put even straw
as hindrances in the way of any patri-
otic end, however humbly exhibited, a
heavenly selfishness to rival with its own
mean life that it will pervert the whole
character, and give its quality to every
section. I hold such men—and they
are all around us—at a distance. I
mark them as born of base elements.
I do not mean to trust them in the fu-
ture. If I were a maiden, and had a
lover, and if that lover were not for his
country—outspoken and outseeing, full
of ardor and among the first to spring
to her defense—I would turn from him.
The man who is not true to his country
—and the indifferent are not true—will
be false to all other obligations in the
hour of trial. Trust no man who is

not ready, in this hour, to do his ut-
most."

Katie listened and her soul was fired.
She drank in fully of her father's spirit.
That evening, as she sat knitting alone
in the parlor, she heard the bell ring,
and knew by the sound whose hand
had pulled the wire. Her fingers grew
unsteady, and she began to drop stitch-
es. So she let the stocking upon which
she was at work, fall into her lap. She
sat very still, now, her heart beating
strongly. The heavy tread of George
Mason was in the hall. Then the door
opened and the young man entered.
She did not rise. In fact, so strong
was her inward disturbance that she
felt the necessity for remaining as ex-
ternally quiet as possible, in order to
keep from betraying her actual state of
mind.

"Good evening," said Mason, almost
gaily, as he stepped into the room.
Then pausing suddenly, and lifting
both hands in meek surprise, he ex-
claimed:

"Blue yarn and soldier's stockings!"
"Oh, Katie Maxwell!"

Katie did not move nor answer. Her
heart was fluttering when he came in,
but in an instant it regained and even
beat. There was more in his tones
even than in his words. The clear
strong eyes were on his face.

"Ha! ha!" he laughed, gaily, now
advancing until he had come within a
few feet of the maiden. Then she rose
and moved back a pace or two, with a
strange, cold dignity of manner that
surprised her visitor.

"What a good actress you would
make!" he said, still speaking lightly,
for he did not think her in earnest, "A
Goddess of liberty!" Here his eye
raised her stocking, and the representa-
tion will be perfected."

"I am not acting," George.
She spoke with an air of severity that
sobered him.

"You are not?"
"No; I cautioned you this morning
about trifling with things which should
be held out of the region of trifling,"
she answered steadily. "If you are
not sufficiently inspired with love of
country to lift an arm in her defense,
I pray you will not hinder, with light
words even the feeble service that a
weak woman's hands may render. I
am not a man, and cannot, therefore,
fight for liberty and good government,
but what I am able to do I am doing
from a state of mind that is hurt by
levity. I am in earnest; if you are
not, it is time you looked down into
your heart and made some effort to
understand its springs of action. You
are of man's estate, you are in good
health, you are not trammeled by any
legal or social hindrances. Why, then,
are you not in the field, George Mason?
I have asked myself a hundred times
since this morning this question, and
can reach no satisfactory answer."

Katie Maxwell stood before the
young man like one inspired, her face
in a glow, her lips firmly set but arched,
her eyes flashing, her slender form
drawn up to its full height, almost im-
perceptibly.

"In the field!" he said, in astonish-
ment, and not without confusion of
manner.

"Yes, in the field! In arms for
your country?"

He shrugged his shoulders with an
affected indifference that was mingled
with something of contempt, saying
blithely—for he did not give himself
space to reflect—

"I've no particular fancy for salt
pork, hard tack, and minnie bullets."
"Nor I for cowards!" exclaimed
Katie, borne away by her feelings; and
she pointed sternly at the door.

The young man went out. As he
shut the door she sunk into the chair
from which she had arisen, weak and
quivering. The blue yarn stocking did
not grow under her hand that night;
but her fingers moved with unwearied
diligence through all the next day, and
a soldier's sock, thick and soft and
warm, was laid beside her father's plate
when he came home to the evening
meal. Very sweet to her were the ap-
proving sentences that fell from his
lips, and they had balm in them for the
pain which had wrought at her heart
for many hours.

Only a